

SACRED
HYMNS

For the Use of

Religious Societies.

Generally compos'd in DIALOGUES.

By JOHN CENNICK,

Late of READING, in *Berkshire.*

*Speaking to yourselves in Psalms, and Hymns, and
Spiritual Songs, singing and making Melody in
your Hearts to the LORD. Eph. v. 19.*

*And one cried unto another, and said, holy, holy, holy,
is the LORD of Hosts, the whole Earth is Full
of his Glory. Isaiah vi. 3.*

PART II.

BRISTOL:

Printed by FELIX FARLEY, M. DCC. XLIII.

T O T H E

Brethren of *Jesus Christ*, Greeting.

OUR SAVIOUR *has again given me Freedom to give into your Hands another little Parcel of Hymns. I pray they may be sanctified to your dear Souls thro' his Blood and Wounds, to whose Honour they are compos'd. Let Love cover every Fault you meet with, and if the Lamb of GOD blesses these Hymns at all to any of GOD's dear Societies, let them praise the Lamb only for them, He only is worthy to receive Glory and Honour, and Power, for he was slain, and hath redeemed Us to GOD by his own Blood; to Him be Praise, and Dominion for ever. Amen.*



S A C R E D
H Y M N S

For the Use of
Religious Societies, &c.

H Y M N I.

O Come let Us sing unto the Lord.

1 **D**ISCIPLES of CHRIST,
Ye Friends of the LAMB,
Attend, and assist,
In singing his Fame:
Eternal Thanksgiving,
The Faithful should pay,
The Living, the Living,
As we do to-Day.

2 He lov'd us so well,
That rather than we
Should perish in Hell,
He vouchsaf'd to be

A

Our

4 SACRED HYMNS.

Our good Undertaker,
And stood in our Stead,
Yea, JESUS, our Maker,
That we might be freed.

3 A Body of Clay
He humbly put on,
And then took away
The Sin we had done;
And in it endured
The Wrath to Us due,
The Curse We incurred,
Our Stripes, and our Woe.

4 Gethsemane's Grove,
The Briery Wreath,
The Whips shew his Love,
His Tears, and his Death;
The Palace of Herod,
The Soldiers, and Cross,
With Nails, Spear, bear Record,
How much He lov'd Us.

5 Yea, Calvary's Hill,
The Napkin and Grave,
Are Witnesses still,
How willing to save
Was JESUS, our SAVIOUR,
His People, his Kin,
And kindly deliver
From Danger and Sin.

SACRED HYMNS.

5

6 Nor only he died,
But also arose,
Laid Weakness aside,
And over his Foes,
(Sin, Death, and the Devil)
He triumphed o'er,
And every Evil,
Dominion and Power.

7 To Heaven received,
(Midst Cherubims Bands,
With Saints who believed)
He spreads his pierc'd Hands:
To GOD interceeding
For us left below,
And pleads his Blood-shedding,
His Suff'rings and Woe.

8 Nor e'er will He cease
Till he shall obtain
His Children in Peace,
For whom He was slain;
Till all his dear Portion
To Glory return,
And every Relation
Shall join the First-born.

9 O merciful LAMB,
Who sits on the Throne,
We bow at thy Name,
We count Thee alone

Deserving

Nor

Deserving our Blessing,
 And Blessing we'll give,
 Without ever ceasing,
 So long as we live.

HYMN II.

STRIFE in PRAISE.

A DIALOGUE.

- 1 **C**OME join to praise, ye chosen Race,
 We more than others shou'd:
*Nay, We more justly ought to praise
 The SAVIOUR'S Wounds and Blood.*
- 2 We were the Captives late of Hell,
 And JESUS made Us free:
*We Captives were, and first who fell,
 Yet now have Liberty.*
- 3 We own, ye first, but We the most
 Displeas'd the LORD by Sin:
*Not so,—for thro' our Sex, were lost
 The World, and all therein.*
- 4 'Tis true,—but Mary's Seed repair'd
 The Breach of sinful Eve:
*Not Woman, but the Man CHRIST, spar'd
 Our Souls, and made Us live.*

SACRED HYMNS.

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- 5 Yet still we think, that more than you
We Men shou'd Jesus praise:
*Cease Brethren,—'tis Our Part, we know,
More loud to bless his Grace.*
- 6 While Time shall last with you we'll vie,
We'll strive t'exalt his Blood:
*We'll strive to all Eternity
To sing the LAMB of GOD!*
-

H Y M N III.

S O C I E T Y.

- 1 **C**OME, ye Lovers of the LAMB,
Join in publishing his Fame;
Let the whole Society
Sing our SAVIOUR's Clemency.
- 2 Who like us so favour'd are?
We, the LORD's peculiar Care,
We, the precious Stones of GOD,
Dearly purchas'd by his Blood.
- 3 Who can make their Boast like Us?
Who hath e'er been honour'd thus?
We can boast, for we are made
Kings, and Priests in CHRIST our Head.
- 4 JESUS (when we all were poor)
Out of Love's eternal Store

Gave

- Gave to each of us, a Crown,
Gave Us Mansions on his Throne.
- 5 Neither leaves Us desolate
While we're in our Pilgrim-state:
Here He talks with Us, and we
Him by Faith's Prospective see.
- 6 Him we commune with by Pray'rs,
Well persuaded He Us hears:
Sure we do not pray in vain,
He kind Answers gives again.
- 7 Best of Friends the LORD we prove,
He ne'er changes in his Love:
Faithful, gracious, good, *the same*
Find we, is our LORD, the LAMB.
- 8 Evermore we sing to Thee,
High exalted Deity!
Bless we Thee, *Eternal SON!*
Glory be to Thee alone!
-

HYMN IV.

ANOTHER.

- 1 LORD, while below thy Pilgrims stay,
Our dear Companion be:
Talk to Us, SAVIOUR, all the Way,
'Till we come up to Thee.

2 Now

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- 2 Now, dearest Advocate, be nigh,
Rejoicing every Heart:
Nor leave thy Children by and by,
When we rise up to part.
 - 3 Still bear Us Company, and we,
(The Purchase of thy Blood)
Will bless no other Lord but Thee,
Thou true, Thou only GOD!
-

H Y M N V.

*Our Saviour's Goodness to poor Sin-
ners. In a Dialogue.*

- 1 **W**E thank the LAMB, that ye we meet,
Ye Women travelling here:
*Ye fellow Pilgrims, well we greet,
And glad Ye persevere.*
- 2 Tell Us, how first ye found this Road,
And who led ye therein:
*JESUS the LORD, the LAMB of GOD,
When he forgave our Sin.*
- 3 What was it (think ye) mov'd the LAMB
To take You for his Bride?
*We cannot say, except our Shame,
For we had naught beside.*

B

4 Strange

- 4 Strange kind of Love indeed, that He
 Shou'd wretched Sinners choose!
*It is strange Love---for lately we
 Were our dear SAVIOUR's Foes.*
- 5 Did You first seek his cleansing Blood,
 Ye Sisters, to redeem?
*No surely, we were sought of GOD,
 Or we had ne'er known Him.*
- 6 And did Ye nothing do, to win
 His Favour, or his Grace?
*Nothing, but wander, err, and sin;
 He freely gave us Peace.*
- 7 What if ye grieve Him? If You prove
 Unfaithful, light, and vain?
*He follows Us in tender Love,
 And brings Us back again.*
- 8 But do our Sisters never fear
 He finally will hide?
*We think our LORD loves Us too dear
 To cast us quite aside.*
- 9 But if ye will not with Him stay,
 Will he not leave ye then?
*Who knows Him, will not go away,
 For this would give Him Pain.*
- 10 What will the LORD the Pilgrims give,
 Who seek Him to the End?
*They Him shall find (if they believe)
 An Everlasting Friend.*

SACRED HYMNS.

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- 11 Then farewell all the World, for GOD
 Shall have our Heart alone :
*So say our Souls, whom CHRIST hath shew'd
 The Glory of His Throne.*
- 12 We join your happy Fellowship,
 Purpos'd with You to go:
*We own you for our SAVIOUR'S Sheep,
 And joyful join with You.*
- As ye, so we by JESUS first
- 13 Were chosen, call'd, and lov'd;
*For which, to praise Him with the Just,
 We daily shou'd be mov'd.*
- May nothing but his Righteous Praise
- 14 Employ our Heart and Tongue:
*May nought but Thanks to Sov'reign Grace
 Be our Eternal Song!*
-

HYMN VI.

ANOTHER,

- 1 COME all who know our SAVIOUR, come
 Sing with Us to his Name:
*Then rise, O Sisters, we are some,
 And join the Heavenly Theme.*
- 2 What wond'rous Love is this, which we
 In our dear LAMB have prov'd?

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*'Tis truly wond'rous,—for we see
That we are CHRIST's below'd.*

- 3 He who was *Everlasting GOD*,
E'er fleeting Time began;
Lately put on our Flesh and Blood,
And was the SON OF MAN.

- 4 He (LORD of all Things) had not where
To lay his weary Head:
Yet lower stoop'd He, when he bare
The Guilt of all his Seed.

- 5 No Cause was found, why JESUS died,
But only, *Us he lov'd;*
This drew Him to be crucified,
This his Compassion mov'd.

- 6 And we have heard Men thus report,
He is a changeless Friend:
'Tis true; his Love's of such a Sort,
It never knows an End.

- 7 Then happy we, who surely prove
His Friendship to Us now:
Thrice happy we, for in his Love,
We foretaste Heav'n below.

- 8 Grace only then we, Brethren, praise,
Thro' all our Life along:
GRACE, GRACE alone, free, matchless Grace!
Shall also be our Song.

HYMN VII.

Coming up out of the WORLD.

- 1 **A**LL hail, dear Women, glad are we
to find you in this Road :
*We also you rejoice to see,
Enquiring after G O D.*
- 2 In this dark Land, (the World we mean)
We found no solid Bliss:
*No more did we ; Sin, cursed Sin
Made all Unhappiness.*
- 3 Sin forc'd our burden'd Souls t'enquire,
To find a better Place:
*So Sin, (when felt) made Us desire
A World of Peace, and Grace.*
- 4 Nor have we Men enquir'd in vain ;
Peace we already find:
*We know the LAMB for Us was slain ;
This stills our troubled Mind.*
- 5 We also know, when ends our Days,
We endless Heav'n shall have ;
*And we around the Throne shall praise,
When we have pass'd the Grave.*

HYMN VII.

The WIDOW'S HYMN.

- 1 **O** LORD, the Widow's Husband, Thou,
Who only Mercy can fit bestow:
To Thee the Desolate complain;
Permit Us not to cry in vain.
- 2 Thou know'st our State of Widowhood,
How strip'd of ev'ry Friend, but GOD:
With Children left; O graciously
Our former Husband's Place supply.
- 3 Our Children, Fatherless, receive,
To Thee we gladly them would give:
Take Thou the Oversight of them,
And mark them with thine own new Name.
- 4 And as for Us, may we abide
Close in thy Wounds, thy spotless Bride;
While Thou, our Maker, Us shalt love,
And Thee, our Husband, we shall prove.
- 5 Widows indeed! and Patterns too
To younger Sisters, who us view:
To labour ready let us be,
And apt to teach, as pleaseth Thee.

SACRED HYMNS.

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Not fond of Gain, nor giv'n to Wine,
But grave, as Women that are Thine;
Not dress'd in Gold, as others are,
Nor deck'd with Pearls, or plaited Hair.

No, SAVIOUR, let our Ornament
Be pleasing Him who hath Us sent:
A meek and quiet Spirit, dress
Our Souls in holy Lowliness.

May all our Words to them who hear,
Thy Grace, dear SAVIOUR, minister;
May all our Conversation shew
We talk of Him, whom well we know.

HYMN IX.

The VISITOR'S HYMN.

THE Nurfes of thy Children, LORD,
With Holy Shame draw near;
All with one Heart, with one Accord,
In Hymns present their Prayer.

We ask they Grace; that when we meet,
We may not Thee offend;
But low at thy Auspicious Feet,
Expecting Grace, attend.

We never yet (if poor we came)
Intreated Thee in vain;
Still let us find Thee, Lord, the same,
Renew thy Love again.

4 Amidst

- 4 Amidst us now, O *King of Kings!*
 (Just as the brooding Dove)
 Spread out on us thy healing Wings,
 And warm us with thy Love.
-

H Y M N X.

For MARRIED BRETHREN.

- 1 **A**RISE, ye chosen Men of War,
 Fathers, elect of GOD, arise!
 Your Lips to praise the LORD prepare,
 Prepare to Pray, prepare to Praise.
- 2 O JESUS, Prince of ev'ry King,
 Thy Sons, thy Heirs, are met to-Day;
 To tell thy Work, thy Grace to sing,
 Thy Love amidst us here display,
- 3 Here humble Thou thyself, to shew
 Thy little Children all thy Will;
 How ev'ry Thing, to Thee, to do,
 When we shou'd speak, and when be still.
- 4 Paterns of Love, of Gravity,
 Of Temp'rance, Meekness, and sound Mind;
 To younger Brethren may we be,
 To all the Church, to all Mankind.
- 5 Let Us (as well becomes our Place)
 Humble, alive, and faithful prove;
 Our Words administering thy Grace,
 Whose Subject shall be only Love.

- 6 This do, and midst us when we meet,
Thyself, dear SAVIOUR, daily shew;
We'll bless Thee then, and kiss thy Feet,
And praise, and thank, and love Thee too.

H Y M N XI.

For SINGLE BRETHREN.

- 1 **G**IRD up your Loins, ye Young,
And follow You the LAMB:
Let ev'ry Brother join a Song
To GOD our SAVIOUR'S Name.
- 2 Our Elder Brother, He
Is worthy to receive
Our Thanks, and Praise continually,
Yea, more than we can give.
- 3 To Thee, dear LORD, alone
We sing, and bow, and kneel;
Thou didst redeem Us to thy Throne
From all the Powers of Hell.
- 4 With others in the Road
To Ruin, late we went;
But Thou, O gracious Son of GOD,
Our Ruin didst prevent.
- 5 How, how shall we adore
Thee, LORD, for all thy Grace?
We'll bless Thee, JESUS, evermore,
When we go to our Place.

HYMN - XII.

ANOTHER.

- 1 **Y**E Soldiers newly lifted, join
Our Captain's mighty Grace to laud,
For He, the LAMB, is all Divine!
Is surely nothing less than GOD.
- 2 We saw him in his Armour drest,
Attack the Pow'rs of Hostile Hell;
Sin, Death, the Law, his Rule confest,
When down beneath his Arm they fell.
- 3 In bloody Garments long he strove,
Nor gave the dreadful Contest o'er,
'Till Man he overcame by Love,
And Death, and Hell, by mighty Pow'r.
- 4 Sing we, for we his Triumphs share,
The endless Sign of Victory;
A Palm our joyful Hands shall bear
Before the Throne Eternally.
- 5 Shout, Brethren, we have overcome!
We tread the scarlet *Dragon* down;
O clap Your Hands, Ye Youths, for whom
The LAMB hath slain the *Wicked One*.
- 6 Live we to him, his Praises live,
For he both dy'd, and lives for Us;
O Heaven, and Earth, him Praises give,
Extol the Merit of his Cross.

Ye

- 7 Ye Harpers born to highest Spheres,
 Who compass round the Throne of GOD,
 Send forth his Praise, who smiling hears
 The Merits of *Messiah's* Blood.
- 8 We'll join the Song by Angels sung,
 By ev'ry Saint about the Throne:
 Redeem'd from every Land, and Tongue,
 Thanksgiving to the LAMB alone!
-

H Y M N XIII.

For MARRIED SISTERS.

- 1 **A**mong the careless Women we
 No longer will be seen,
 No longer fit at ease, and be
 As we have lately been.
- 2 No, Heavenly Husband, Us inflame
 With thy Eternal Grace:
 We'll labour to exalt thy Name
 In every Time and Place.
- 3 And when the Handmaids meet to say
 What Thou for them hast done,
 We'll also tell as well as they
 What we of Thee have known.
- 4 While they belov'd, and highly too,
 Shall bless Thee, *Holy LAMB*,
 We join — 'tis all that we can do,
 For we are lov'd the same.

HYMN XIV.

A N O T H E R.

- 1 **H**OLY *of Holies!* Thou who art
The Joy of each believing Heart,
Look on the Daughters of the King
Smiling look on us while we sing.
- 2 Thou lov'st thy People thou'd regard
The Wonders they have seen and heard,
And tell each other all around
What they have in thy Spirit found.
- 3 To Day give Us such Liberty
To talk of what we know of Thee,
That all like Brands together laid
May one bright Flame to God be made.
- 4 Be Thou, LORD, nigh with such a Coal
As lately warm'd *Isaiah's* Soul;
Nor shall we cease to tell (as he)
The Glories of thy Clemency.
- 5 We wait; do thou our Lips divide,
Thou LAMB for Sinners Crucified.
Let every Sister say, *I find*
To me our SAVIOUR's very kind.
- 6 If any hither mourning came,
Give them to catch the Holy Flame;
Give them below the Mount to leave
The Things that caused them to grieve.

Let

- 7 Let none of all our busy Foes
Between us, SAVIOUR, interpose:
Let all be silent, nought anoy,
Or hinder in the least our Joy.

HYMN XV.

A N O T H E R.

- 1 **D**EAR LAMB of GOD, who lately was
For Us an Off'ring on the Cross,
To Thee (our Friend) thy Handmaids cry,
Regard our poor Society;
Our Mind from wand'ring O be pleased to keep,
And Sanctify our little Fellowship.
- 2 Let our Communication be
Alone, dear *slaughter'd* LAMB, of Thee;
Let nothing else be mention'd now,
Nor ought may we desire to know
But JESU'S Love—Yea nothing may we say
But what concerns our SAVIOUR or his Way.
- 3 Two of thy Friends in former Days,
As they were speaking of thy Praise,
O Suffering JESUS, found Thee nigh,
Who didst their Talking sanctify:
Their Hearts thy Presence warm'd—O let us too
Experience this—'tis what we want to know.
- 4 We want to have our Hearts, O LAMB,
Thro' thy blest Presence, on a Flame.

To

To burn with Love with Holy Fire,
Is what unworthy We desire :
Then from thine Altar take a living Coal,
And therewith light Thou every Sister's Soul.

HYMN XVI.

For SINGLE SISTERS.

- 1 **C**ELESTIAL JESUS, from above
Thy little Daughters see ;
Thy Handmaids, who Thee chiefly love,
Desire to speak with Thee.
- 2 Thou know'st how we are call'd, and how
No Earthly Spouse have we ;
No Man to take our Parts below,
We therefore trust in Thee.
- 3 'Tis Thou, O Virgin's Son, alone,
Our Love-sick Souls can please :
Thy Bosom, if we lean thereon,
Immediate gives us Ease.
- 4 Be this our happy Place while we,
In this sad *Mesech* stay :
And (blest with Peace continually)
We'll sing our Time away.
- 5 We'll sing, — and all our Road along,
We'll spread thy Righteous Fame ;
And this shall be our pleasing Song,
Salvation to the LAMB !

HYMN

HYMN XVII.

ANOTHER.

1 **O** SAVIOUR, *First-born Son of GOD,*
Thou *Sinners Friend*, be nigh:
High Priest, with thine own precious Blood
Thy Daughters Sanctify.

2 Make us as Maids, who wisely wait
The *Bridgroom's* kind Return;
As watchful Servants at his Gate,
Whose Torches clearly burn.

3 Let no immodest base Desire
Our Souls to slumber lull;
Nor damp the Flames of that pure Fire
Thou kindledst in our Soul.

4 Let him, the *altogether Fair*,
Alone possess our Heart;
Nor may one Sister here e'er dare
To give a Mortal part.

5 Unspotted from the Flesh, may we
Our Milky Garments have;
Our Temples let us keep for Thee,
Nor Thou the Temples leave.

6 And while the Heathen Daughters view
Our humble Walk and Dress;
Make them in Love with Jesus too,
And with Us Jesus bless.

HYMN

HYMN XVIII.

CHRIST describ'd.

A DIALOGUE.

- 1 **O** Brethren, join our LAMB to Praise,
None ought so much as we :
What means Your Joy? Your solemn Lays?
Pray tell us, who are ye?
- 2 True Jews are we, our Host belong
To Canaan's Holy Land:
Pray who's Your King? your uncouth Song
We want to understand.
- 3 Our Language we have learn'd of GOD,
Our King is CHRIST his Son :
Where reigns He? where is his Abode?
Where keeps your King his Throne?
- 4 In ev'ry broken Heart our King
In Love delights to reign :
Is this the LAMB of whom ye sing?
Prithce describe Him, Men.
- 5 **O** He is altogether Fair!
His Loveliness endures:
What better than all others are,
Is this strange LORD of yours?

Yea,

- 6 Yea, better far than all below
Is JESUS CHRST, our Friend:
*Pray (if Ye see him) to Us shew
This Man, Ye so commend.*
- 7 Did You ne'er hear of one, who dy'd
On Calv'ry's Hill for Men?
*Yes—He we heard was crucified,
Two Thieves were with him slain.*
- 8 O this is He, our well-belov'd,
Our Friend, the martyr'd LAMB!
*Of Him our Fathers disapprov'd,
And trampled on his Name.*
- 9 They did—nor knew that He our Head
Did Us from Sin redeem:
*Almost (we own) Ye Us persuade
To love, and follow Him.*
- 10 O come to Him (the LAMB) and Ye
Like Us his Grace shall prove:
*We You believe; if Him Ye see,
O say, we're sick of Love.*
- 11 Hear, JESUS, what thine Handmaids say,
Regard their willing Throng:
*Come, JESUS! O come soon away!
We faint if Thou stay'st long.*
- Behold, dear Lamb, a Company
Of sinful Children come:*

HYMN XIX.

SINNERS seeking CHRIST.

A DIALOGUE.

- 1 **S**AY, Women, (simply) who are You?
Whom seek You also, say?
*We are poor Sinners, and pursue
The Life, the Truth, the Way.*
- 2 The GOD we know, we know the Man,
Immanuel is his Name:
*We heard he was for Sinners slain,
And here to seek him came.*
- 3 He truly suffer'd, to redeem
The lost despairing Seed:
*Then we may boldly hope in Him,
For we are such indeed.*
- 4 The hungry Sinners He receives,
And is the Sinner's Friend:
*Men told Us, saying, He forgives
Who'er on Him depend.*
- 5 True are the Things that Ye have heard,
He freely saves the Poor:
*Come then, O Sinners, to the LORD,
Our Faith, and Hopes are sure.*
- 6 Behold, dear LAMB, a Company
Of sinful Children come:

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*Behold, and hear thy People cry,
And make thy People Room.*

7 Open ye Wounds of CHRIST, ye Doors
Eternal and Divine:

*Open, and let these Souls of ours,
Rejoicing, enter in.*

8 JESUS, thy People heard thy Fame,
And come to prove Thee Good:

*Wash Us in thy Redeeming Name,
And in thy Sacred Blood.*

9 Thou said'st, *I will not cast away*
Who come for Help to Me:

*We plead thy Promise, LORD, and pray,
True to thy Promise be.*

10 Thou wilt, Thou surely wilt fulfil
Thy fixt, thy faithful Word:

*Answer Us, Yea, I surely will!
And we'll adore Thee, LORD.*

H Y M N XX

Gloryfying GOD in CHRIST.

A DIALOGUE.

1 **B**RETHREN sing—'tis right You shou'd,
Sing our SAVIOUR's precious Blood:
Daughters of Jerusalem,
Join we willingly the Theme.

IMYH

Shout

- 2 Shout for Joy, ye happy Men!
Lo! for You the LAMB was slain:
Highly favour'd Women, praise
JESUS in Celestial Lays.
- 3 Hail, redeeming LAMB, who late
Suffer'd Death without the Gate!
Hail, for by thy Death and Cross,
Thou hast purchas'd Heav'n for Us!
- 4 Others, they may stay below,
We to upper Worlds will go:
Careless Women here may rest,
We ascend to Abraham's Breast.
- 5 We can glory now in Thee,
Thou Almighty Majesty:
We, who not long since were lost,
JESUS, in thy Merits boast.
- 6 We in Zion's Song can join,
Each one, saying, CHRIST is mine:
We the LORD's, the Chosen Race,
Bless thy Wounds, and thank thy Grace.
- 7 None but JESUS will we sing,
None but JESUS, Israel's King;
None but JESUS will we laud,
None but JESUS, LORD, and GOD!
- 8 Worthy, Holy LAMB, art Thou,
Praise to have, and Honour too;
Worthy Thou of Bliss and Pow'r,
Now, henceforth, and evermore.

H Y M N XXI.

The Wisdom of GOD Foolishness with Men.

- 1 **O** SAVIOUR, Thou thy Mysteries
 Hast often cover'd from the Wise,
 And Babes thy Glory shew'd:
 Thy Wisdom far surpasses all
 What studious Mortals Wisdom call,
 Thou Holy LAMB of GOD.
- 2 The Nat'ral Man can't right conceive
 The glorious Things which we believe,
 How Thou did'st us redeem:
 The Things thy Spirit teaches Us,
 The Merit of thy Blood and Cross
 Are Foolishness to Him.
- 3 They this World's Wisdom seek, and gain,
 That Wisdom, which Thou callest vain,
 But Oh are Strangers still
 To that which makes our Spirits wise,
 And sets before our waiting Eyes
 What is our SAVIOUR's Will.
- 4 Thrice happy then are we, who prove
 The Peace of GOD, his Truth, and Love,
 Things freely to Us giv'n:
 These Earnest are of greater Bliss,
 The Fulness of that Happiness
 Which we shall have in Heav'n.

H Y M N

HYMN XXII.

Ministers waiting upon GOD.

1 O LAMB of GOD, whose Shoulders bear
 Thy Church's Government and Care,
 Accounting her thy Bride:
 Direct her Sons, thy Witnesses,
 To see what thy good Pleasure is,
 And always be their Guide.

2 Thou said'st, *if ought ye shall desire*
Of me (believing) it require,
And I the Thing will do:
 Behold, we ask; O JESUS! hear,
 Direct Us in our earnest Pray'r,
 O pray direct us now!

3 Thy *Virgin Spouse* implores thine Aid,
 Thou only art her LORD, and Head,
 Thou her can'st help alone:
 So we, conducted by thy Hand
 Will praise Thee here, in this strange Land,
 And also round the Throne.

HYMN XXIII.

Going out, or coming in.

1 O UR going out, our coming in,
 May our dear SAVIOUR bless;

May

May He preserve us safe from Sin,
'Till we return in Peace.

2 May He (who in a Fire by Night,
And in a Cloud by Day,
Led *Israel* safely in His Flight)
Prepare our dangerous Way.

3 To Thee, *Immanuel*, we commend
Our Souls, and all we have;
Take to thy Care, O *Sinner's Friend*,
What first thy Spirit gave.

4 Our Breath, our Power, our ALL is thine:
Thou by thy Death and Cross
Didst ransom us from Wrath Divine,
And sav'd, and sealed Us.

H Y M N XXIV.

The FEAST of CHARITY.

LET ev'ry one's Voice
In Praise be employ'd;

We ought to rejoice,
And glorify GOD,

For He was invited,

And comes to our Feast;

And we are delighted

To have Him our Guest.

How honour'd are we

To sup with a King.

His Mercy to see,
His Vict'ries to sing;
O let us admire,
And bow, and adore,
And never desire
To cease any more!

3 With Angels, and Troops,
Of Seraphims, bless
That SAVIOUR, who stoops
To give Us his Peace:
Our Friend, our Beloved,
Who ends all our Wants;
A SAVIOUR approved
By all his dear Saints.

4 O LAMB, Holy LAMB,
If Thou with Us art,
Contented we seem
To stay, and ne'er part;
But yet we had rather
Be parted a Space,
To meet thy dear FATHER,
And see Thy dear Face.

5 But whether we live,
To Thee it shall be;
If Death Us receive,
We'll die, LORD, to Thee;
In living or dying
Our SAVIOUR's we are;
Where-e'er is our Being,
No more we will care.

LORD,

6 LORD, make Us resign'd,
 To bow to thy Will,
 To learn thy pure Mind,
 And walk in it still;
 Thee let us be pleasing,
 And witness, 'tis so,
 Then we without ceasing
 Thy Praises will shew.

H Y M N XXV.

Praise to Christ for our Knowledge in Him.

- 1 **A**LL Thanks to thee, dear slaughter'd LAMB,
 For all thy boundless Love;
 Hail, Thou, who art the glorious Theme
 Of All the Church above.
- 2 We, like them, favour'd with thy Grace,
 Co-partners in their Good,
 With them our grateful Voices raise,
 And bless thy Wounds and Blood.
- 3 Who 'midst a sinful World, like Us,
 Have a Redeemer known?
 Honour'd with sharing in his Cross,
 And seal'd to share his Crown?
- 4 Others, not quick'ned by his Power,
 Go mourning down to Death,
 While we of endless Heav'n are sure,
 Thro' Grace reveal'd by Faith.

E

5 More

- 5 More blest than many Righteous Men
 Are we, unworthy we :
 They fought the Things to see in vain,
 Which we in JESUS see ?
- 6 Then more than they we ought to praise :
 Yea, LORD, inspire our Tongue,
 And JESU'S Love, and JESU'S Grace,
 Shall ever be our Song.
-

H Y M N XXVI.

*Praise to CHRIST for his Sufferings and
 Love.*

- 1 **W**orthy of Glory is the LAMB,
 On *Calv'ry* lately slain ;
 Who died a Martyr, to redeem
 The fallen Sons of Men.
- 2 More willing than we ever sinn'd,
 He gave his Body up ;
 Cheerful he knew a shameful End,
 And drank the bitter Cup.
- 3 More than his Hosts, (Amazing Love !)
 Or Heav'n, he valued Us ;
 Content he left the Pow'rs above,
 To bear our Sins and Cross.
- 4 More than his Life, or sacred Blood,
 He lov'd our Sinful Race ;

And

And all forsook, while he pursu'd
His People by his Grace.

- 5 And can it be that we should love
Another more than Thee?

O LAMB, th'Ingratitude remove,
Or let Us cease to be.

- 6 Unchain Us, and we'll all forsake,
And follow Thee alone :
No more in others Praise we'll speak,
'Till we ascend thy Throne.

- 7 Let Angel Armies join the Ranks
Of shining Saints above,
With Us, to give our SAVIOUR Thanks
For all his Grace, and Love.

- 8 He, who without *Jerusalem*,
Between two Robbers died,
Is worthy of a SAVIOUR's Name,
JESUS, and none beside.

- 9 Worthy alone is He, who bore
The Sorrows, justly ours :
Worthy the Praise for evermore,
Of all the Heavenly Pow'rs.

- 10 Worthy that Saints for ever own
Their Happiness in Thee ;
And sing thy Name, before the Throne,
To all Eternity.

- 11 Worthy art Thou of greater Praise
Than they can shew above,

Shortly

Shortly we'll come, and join their Lays,
And louder bless thy Love.

H Y M N XXVII.

Praise for the Gift of FAITH.

- 1 **H**AIL holy *Galilean*! we
Thy Sheep adore thy Name:
Hail **JESUS**! Everlastingly!
All hail, Thou *slaughter'd LAMB*!
- 2 Thou art the spotless *Nazarene*,
The promis'd *Shiloh* Thou:
The *Virgin's Son*, the **G O D** unseen
By mortal Eyes below.
- 3 But we, by **FAITH's** Perspective-Glass,
Thy hidden Pow'r descry;
And tho' but darkly view thy Face
And see thy Majesty.
- 4 Nor view we Thee on High alone,
The **L O R D** for ever blest,
But in our Hearts thy chosen Throne,
In lowly Mercy dress'd.
- 5 'Tis here, by Faith, we talk with Thee,
And Thou in secret Ways,
Reveal'st thine Answers, Love, and we
Reply in Prayer, and Praise.

- 6 O let us still, while here we stay,
 This Intercourse enjoy;
 And Songs of Thanks in endless Day,
 Shall be our sole Employ.
-

HYMN XXVIII.

Before a Friend's Journey.

- 1 **T**HE LORD, thy *Maker*, be thy Way,
 His *Spirit* be thy Guide:
 His Angels bear Thee in their Hands,
 For fear thy Treadings slide.
- 2 His Glory shine where'er thou go'st,
 His Grace possess thy Breast:
 His Loving-Kindness keep Thee strong,
 And bring thee safe to Rest.
- 3 Before thee may the *Spirit* go,
 And clear thy dangerous Path:
 Drive *Satan* from before thy Face,
 And save thee from his Wrath.
- 4 The *Father*, *Son*, and *Holy Ghost*,
 Be Ever, Ever thine;
 Love thee, and on thy Happy Soul
 In perfect Beauty shine!

H Y M N XXIX.

Praise for particular Blessings.

- 1 **O** COME, and let us praise the LORD!
 O let Him ever be ador'd!
 Come, let us grateful Voices raise,
 To sound his Everlasting Praise!
- 2 Praise GOD, my Friends, praise GOD, my Soul,
 Praise GOD, exceeding merciful;
 Praise GOD, ye shining Powers above,
 For GOD is altogether Love.
- 3 Praise GOD from whom all Blessings flow,
 Praise Him all Creatures here below;
 Praise Him above ye Heav'nly Host,
 Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST!

H Y M N XXX.

MORNING HYMN.

- 1 **C**OME, let us adore
 The LORD's gracious Hand;
 (Our great GOVERNOUR)
 Who gave a Command,
 And Charge to his Angels,
 To watch round our Bed,
 To guard us from Evils,
 From Dangers and Dread.

2 Our

- 2 Our Shepherd alone,
 The LAMB let us bless,
 Who reigns on the Throne,
 The Prince of our Peace;
 Who evermore saves us,
 By shedding his Blood :
 All hail, Holy Jesus!
 Our LORD and our God !
- 3 We daily will sing
 Thy Merits, thy Praise,
 Thou merciful Spring
 Of Pity and Grace ;
 Thy Kindness for ever
 To Men we will tell,
 And say, *Our dear SAVIOUR*
Redeem'd us from Hell.
- 4 Preserve us in Love,
 While here we abide,
 Nor ever remove,
 Nor cover, nor hide
 Thy glorious Salvation,
 'Till joyful we see
 The beautiful Vision,
 Completed in Thee.

H Y M N XXXI.

EVENING HYMN.

- 1 **T**HE SAVIOUR, who me kept to-day,
 The LAMB, who takes my Sin away,
 My

H Y M N XXIX.

Praise for particular Blessings.

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 O let Him ever be ador'd!
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SACRED HYMNS.

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Nor cover, nor hide
Thy glorious Salvation,
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The beautiful Vision,
Completed in Thee.

H Y M N XXXI.

EVENING HYMN.

- 1 **T**HE SAVIOUR, who me kept to-day,
The LAMB, who takes my Sin away,

My

My thankful Soul shall bless :
 'Thou worthy art, O SON of GOD!
 Of endless Praise, for in thy Blood
 I sweetly rest in Peace.

2 I'll lay me down, and Thou, my LORD,
 With all thy Angels me shalt guard,
 My Soul to thee I trust :
 'Thou shalt (for Thou art able) keep
 Poor me, among the Fellowship
 Of Saints, thro' Thee made Just.

3 No farther go to-night but stay,
 Dear SAVIOUR, 'till the Break of Day ;
 Turn in, my LORD, with Me ;
 And in the Morning when I wake,
 Me in thy Hand, my JESUS, take,
 And I'll go on with Thee.

H Y M N XXXII.

In a STORM.

1 **T**HOSE Men, who occupy the Seas,
 Who plough the watry Main,
 Must see o'er all (in wond'rous Pow'r)
 Our tender SAVIOUR reign.

2 Up (at his Word) the boiling Waves
 Rise high, and beat and foam ;
 While God commands, *Hither ye may,*
But farther dare not come.

- 3 In Sight of Death, and nigh its Door,
Th'affrighted Seamen cry;
And well they may (when CHRIST's unknown)
Be fore afraid to die.
- 4 But happy we, who cease to fear,
Though Winds and Seas contend:
For GOD, who rules the Storms, Himself
Vouchsafes to be our Friend.
- 5 To Him our grateful Voice we raise,
Loud as the Waters roar:
He, He shall bring us to that Land
Where Tempests are no more.
- 6 To Salem's Courts our Spirits aim,
Thither our Course we bend;
And 'till we reach that blissful Port,
Our Voyage ne'er will end.
- 7 O'er the proud Billows of the World,
Safe in the ARK we move;
Sure to arrive in Peace at last,
Thro' the Redeemer's Love.

H Y M N XXXIII.

After a Storm.

- 1 **P**Raise to the God of all the Earth!
Whom ev'ry Pow'r obeys;
Who holds the Corners of the Winds,
And binds the raging Seas;

- 2 Loos'd from thine Hand the rushing Winds
Beat dreadful on the Main!
'The Shipmen reel like drunken Men,
And toil and strive in vain.
- 3 Toss'd with the Sea, to Thee they call,
Each seeks the LORD by Prayer,
And Thou behold'st thy Children's Want,
And lends thy pitying Ear.
- 4 Thou speak'st, — th'obedient Storm retires,
And all in Silence sleep;
The Winds are hush'd, and gentle Airs
Move peaceful o'er the Deep.
- 5 LORD, how amazing are the Works
Our Eyes have lately seen;
How great thy Love? how great thy Care
Shewn to the Sons of Men?
- 6 Unless thine Arm had been our Strength,
The Seas had been our Graves,
When Tempest upon Tempest roll'd,
And Waves increas'd on Waves.
- 7 For this, with all the Saints above,
Our Souls shall bless thy Name;
Our Souls shall worship Thee, the LORD,
And praise the HOLY LAMB!

H Y M N XXXIV.

Fellowship with GOD.

- 1 **O** How favour'd of the LAMB,
 Am I, the Sinner's Chief;
 I, the LORD's Disciple, am
 Redeem'd from Unbelief:
 I am surely born of GOD,
 Am seal'd t'inherit endless Bliss;
 I'm a Christian, Jesu's Blood
 Hath seal'd me one of His.
- 2 I am borne on Eagle's Wings,
 On high, behold, I soar;
 All the World, and Earthly Things
 I wish for now no more;
 I partake of Angel's Food,
 Their Prince my Mediator is;
 I'm a Christian, &c.
- 3 I the Sinful, I the Vile,
 Enjoy the Life Divine;
 CHRIST has taken me his Spoil,
 I'm His, and He is mine:
 I, who late his Grace withstood,
 Do now, thro' Grace, his Love possess;
 I'm a Christian, &c.
- 4 I have overcome the Beast,
 Have got the Victory;

- Now I enter into Rest,
 The promis'd Liberty ;
Adam in me is subdued,
 My King the Holy Spirit is ;
 I'm a Christian, &c.
- 5 *David's* House in me grows strong,
 But weak the House of *Saul* ;
 Those that led me Captive long,
 Before my SAVIOUR fall ;
 All my Sins, the Serpent's Brood,
 Bow down, while CHRIST's my Righteousness ;
 I'm a Christian, &c.
- 6 Still to conquer inbred Sin,
 My LORD rides glorious on ;
 All my lurking Foes within
 Shall He in Power cast down ;
 He my Husband, LORD, and God,
 Shall purge my Heart from all amiss ;
 I'm a Christian, &c.
- 7 O might Worldlings taste, like me,
 Of Everlasting Love,
 They constrain'd, would eagerly
 This still desire to prove :
 They (if they but knew my Good)
 Would make (like me) their Boasting this :
 I'm a Christian, JESU's Blood
 Has seal'd me one of His.

HYMN XXXV.

Sitting at Jesu's Feet.

- 1 **L**IKE *Mary*, full of Shame,
 Caus'd my repeated Crimes,
 I bow me at thy Feet, O LAMB,
 In penitential Hymns;
 I am, tho' vile, thy Son,
 O yet account me thine;
 Thy Prodigal, my Father, own,
 And let me call Thee mine.
- 2 Whene'er I call to mind
 Thy many Favours past,
 And know, how I have prov'd unkind,
 And liv'd upon the Waste;
 I hardly dare again
 Thy usual Grace implore;
 I hold my Peace (tho' full of Pain)
 And silent, Self abhor.
- 3 It cuts me to the Heart
 When I consider this,
 How good Thou wast to me, and art,
 And how I still transgress;
 Others have sinn'd, but I
 In Sin exceed them all;
 I more have sinn'd abundantly
 Than *Magdalen* or *Paul*.

- 4 O how, dear LAMB of GOD,
 May I for Pity plead!
 I could not, was it not for Blood,
 Which Thou for Sin didst shed:
 But when my sinful Soul
 Humbly remembers this,
 I boldly in thy Wounds can roll,
 And find my wonted Peace.
- 5 Thy Blood is sanative,
 Deep are its Streams, and good,
 Whoever washes there, shall live,
 For 'tis redeeming Blood:
 Then, tho' asham'd, arise,
 Arise, my Soul, unjust,
 Bring to the LAMB thy Miseries,
 And in his Mercy trust.
- 6 His Merits are the same
 To all who him obey;
 Unchangeable is his dear Name,
 To take thy Guilt away:
 Go in before him, go,
 Yea, LORD, behold I come:
 Mercy, my SAVIOUR, Mercy shew,
 Let Mercy give me Room.
- 7 I know thy Mercy shall,
 I know thy Bowels yearn
 On me, who naked, stripp'd of all,
 In Poverty return:

SACRED HYMNS?

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Thy Love my Bosom warms,
I find my Heart revive:
O hold me in th'Eternal Arms,
'Till I go up to live.

H Y M N XXXVI.

In TROUBLE.

- 1 **W**H Y should I be sad?
More Reason have none
Than I to be glad,
For I have the SON;
In Him Life Eternal
I have, and thro' Him
Who, when I was Carnal,
My Soul did redeem.
- 2 Then why, O my Soul,
So heavy art thou,
So griev'd and so dull,
Oppress'd by the Foe?
Look up to thy Master,
And after Him run,
Look up, and the faster
Thou sure shalt go on.
- 3 The Time is but short,
E're thou shalt return
To that blessed Court
Where all the First-born

Are

Are blessing and praising
 Before the LAMB'S Seat,
 And also embracing
 His pierc'd Hands and Feet.

4 Then take up thy Cross,
 And be thou resign'd,
 For so JESUS was,
 And 'tis his dear Mind;
 Thy Holy Fore-runner,
 Who does thee esteem,
 While later or sooner
 Receive thee to Him.

5 He cannot forget,
 That when thou wast lost,
 What Pain, bloody Sweat,
 And Grief it him cost
 To buy thee for ever:
 Yea Life, Ease, and Blood,
 Thy Gracious Deliverer
 Once offer'd to GOD.

6 Can He think on this,
 And yet cease to mind
 That thou, one of his,
 Art now left behind?
 He cannot be careless
 Of one bought so dear;
 My Soul, be thou fearless,
 And be of good Cheer.

H Y M N XXXVII.

In CARE.

1 **H**OW happy are some,
 Who, while they are here,
 Are mindful of Home,
 Nor count their Lives dear,
 So they may be number'd
 Midst CHRIST's Priests and Kings,
 Who will not be cumber'd
 With perishing Things.

2 Like *Mary* the Wise,
 That *One Thing* they chuse,
 That good Part they prize,
 Which ne'er they can lose:
 Then cease my poor Spirit
 To care any more,
 And seek to inherit
 The Joys that endure.

3 'Tis base to regard
 Enjoyments below,
 And slight the Reward
 The Glorify'd know:
 O JESUS, assist me,
 And I'll put away
 Whate'er hath entic'd me
 To wander or stray.

4 Like *Mary* I'll sit,
 If Thou wilt me aid,

G

Before

Before thy dear Feet
 I'll bow my vile Head;
 And without Distraction
 I'll wait upon Thee,
 In sweet Recollection
 From Carefulness free.

5 Let others pursue
 Their Vanities here,
 I'll have not to do
 With troublesome Care;
 I'll daily be yielding
 Up all I here love,
 For I have a Building
 And Dwelling above.

6 There waits my dear Prince,
 My Husband, my Spouse,
 'Till I shall go hence
 T'abide at the House,
 Where now his dear People,
 His favourite Seed,
 His every Disciple
 Are one with their Head.

7 I'll care to be join'd
 In Glory with these,
 To share in their Mind,
 Their Quiet and Ease:
 My SAVIOUR, forgive me,
 And let me go home,
 Where Care shall ne'er grieve me,
 And I no more roam.

HYMN

HYMN XXXVIII.

*It is CHRIST that justifieth, who is
he that condemneth?*

- 1 **A** Sinner to the LORD, I come,
Worthy that Thou should'st me consume,
But O! one Thing I plead:
The every Mite to Thee I ow'd,
CHRIST JESUS, with his own Heart's Blood,
In Pity for me paid.
- 2 I know, if Thou shouldst bring me near
To answer at thy awful Bar,
And mine own Self defend:
If JESUS did his Grace withdraw,
I know, O LORD, thy fiery Law
My Soul to Hell would send.
- 3 But shouldst Thou me to Judgment call,
And Moses fac'd me there, and all
My many Sins appear'd;
I would not fear, but boldly stand,
If JESUS open'd his pierc'd Hand,
I know I should be spar'd.
- 4 My full Receipt should there be shew'd,
Written with Iron Pens, in Blood,
On JESU's Hands and Side:
I'm safe (I'd shout) O Law and Sin,
You cannot bring me guilty in,
For CHRIST was crucified.

- 5 Let Satan prove CHRIST never bore
My Sin, nor paid off my long Score,
And drag me down to Woe.
But O, Free Grace! the Sinner I
Have got the Spirit to testify,
The LORD faith, *Let him go.*
- 6 LORD, let me this Persuasion have,
'Till I, on t'other Side the Graave,
Am blest for ever more:
The Law, and Sin, and Death, and Shame,
Or what beside could me condemn,
I still shall triumph o'er.
- 7 The Language of my Father's then,
The Voice of them, by CHRIST made clean,
Shall issue from my Tongue:
I'll bless Him, who did me redeem,
Yea, this shall be my pleasing Theme,
My everlasting Song.
- 8 I'll sing aloud, and ever say,
Worthy the LAMB, who took away
My Sin and Curse; beside,
Worthy is He of ceaseless Praise,
By Him came Pardon, Life, and Grace,
For He for Sinners dy'd.

H Y M N XXXIX.

BARRENNESS.

- 1 **W**HY, O my Soul, so cold, and dead,
So backward to obey?

So

So slow to praise thy gracious LORD,
And negligent to pray?

2 Devotion now forsakes my Breast,
Alas! I cannot love;
O for one Spark of Heavenly Fire,
This Coldness to remove!

3 Just like a Lump of lifeless Clay,
Before the LORD I lie;
My Glory sleeps, I cannot sing,
Only look up, and sigh.

4 Late could I use my tuneful Tongue,
In Heaven's exalted Choir;
O that the same Angelick Warmth,
Would now my Lips inspire!

5 Whither, O my distracted Soul,
Still farther wilt thou stray?
How hast thou wander'd from the LORD,
And lost the blissful Way?

6 Ah! look, dear SAVIOUR of the World,
My strange Indifference see:
Breathe on me, and I'll pay Thee back
The Love Thou bear'st to me.

7 Without Thee, lo! I change to Ice,
But let thy Love return;
And then with Ardour, and Delight,
My thankful Soul shall burn.

8 Mine Heart thine Altar shall become,
Thy Praise the holy Fire;

And

And in the Flames of Love, and Joy,
My Soul shall long t'expire.

H Y M N XL.

Waiting in Hope of Glory.

- 1 **I**'LL sing to the LAMB,
Who lives and was dead:
Whose Wounds, Blood, and Name,
My Refuge is made:
I'll praise Him for ever,
For worthy He is,
(*A Prince and a Saviour*)
Of Honour and Bliss.
- 2 Of Him will I **hoast**
I'll glory in Him;
Who when I was lost,
My Soul did redeem;
Nor spar'd He his Labour,
To bring me to Rest;
In *Abraham's* Harbour,
With all his lov'd Guest.
- 3 Below I receive
A Taste of his Love:
The Fullness He'll give
When hence I remove:
Nor will He long tarry,
Before He shall come,
And tenderly carry
Me safe to my Home.

- 4 Expecting I wait,
 'Till joyful I hear
 The Noise of his Feet,
 And see Him appear:
 Like *Sifera's* Mother,
 I look out, and say,
 My Husband, my Brother,
 Why dost Thou delay?
- 5 Thy Chariot, O GOD,
 Send hastily down,
 I want to be shew'd
 The Joys of thy Throne:
 I long have desir'd
 Thy Glory to see:
 Afflicted, and tired,
 And leaning on Thee.
- 6 Thou wilt not me blame,
 Because of my Haste;
 For Thou such a Flame
 Hast caus'd in my Breast,
 That all Thou hast given
 Can't quench the strange Blaze,
 No, nothing but Heaven;
 Or seeing thy Face.

HYMN XLI.

*Rejoicing in the LORD, and slight-
 ing the World.*

- 1 I'll envy not the Man, whose Barns
 Can scarce his Goods contain;

Not

- Nor Him, whose only Joy is Gold,
Whose only Hope is Gain.
- 2 Nor will I change my State with him,
Who banquets every Day;
Who knows no Want, nor Grief, nor Pain,
But sings his Time away.
- 3 Nor wou'd I wish to have his Place,
Whom Mortals happy call:
His Heav'n is here; he soon must die,
Must die and leave it all.
- 4 The Men of Earth no Portion have,
But what they now possess:
But O, Free Grace! beyond the Grave
Have I my Happiness.
- 5 A Scepter of a sacred Psalm
Mine Hand shall shortly hold;
And GOD, my GOD, and CHRIST the LAMB,
Shall crown my Head with Gold.
- 6 A Kingdom, ne'er to be remov'd,
Shall soon to me be given:
No matter what I want below,
For I have got a Heav'n.

H Y M N XLII.

Confidence of overcoming Sin by Christ.

- 1 **A** Mountain are my Sins I know,
Enough to sink me down to Hell;

But

But O great Mountain, what art thou
Before my LORD, Zerubbabel?

2 Tho' many strong Temptations strive,
And Snares beset me every where,
And tho' no chearful Thought survive,
I will not of the LORD despair.

3 I will not be afraid, but look
Towards the New Jerusalem:
Yea, tho' by Death, and Hell o'ertook,
I still will trust in JESU'S Name.

4 He said, *whene'er the Needy, Poor,*
For Water seek, with Thirst dr'd up,
I'll bear them, when they me implore,
Nor will I leave them without Hope.

5 I grasp this Promise, and believe,
My Sins ye now your Depth may shew:
A Sight of you will make me grieve,
But this is all that you can do.

6 A SAVIOUR'S Blood both took away
The Guilt of all, the Pow'r to damn.
I'll sing for Joy, and well I may,
For I am in the wounded LAMB.

H Y M N XLIII.

For LIBERTY.

1 **W**HEN, JESUS, shall my Soul be free?
When shall my Unbelief be slain?

H

When

When shall I humbly walk with Thee?
 And never lose thy Light again?
 When shall the Reign of Tyrant Sin be o'er,
 And evil Risings be in me no more?

2 Others may basely plead for Sin,
 Stablish Iniquity by Law;
 But while I feel the Foe within,
 Or find Thee in the least withdraw,
 I'll cry for Freedom, yea, I daily cry,
 Liberty, LORD! LORD, give me Liberty!

3 Long have I been Sin's willing Slave,
 But now am weary of the Yoke;
 I heard that Thou didst Sinners save,
 To Thee, oppress'd, I therefore look;
 O undertake for me, O make me free,
 I can't refrain; LORD, give me Liberty!

4 Thou, Father, didst not spare thy Son,
 But freely gave him up for us;
 In Him thy boundless Love was shewn,
 When He hung bleeding on the Cross:
 Nothing like Him could be so dear to Thee,
 O with Him freely give me Liberty!

5 I ask not this Myself to please,
 I ask it only for the LAMB;
 Him do I want unfeign'd to praise,
 I want my Life t'exalt his Name;
 I want to walk so close, so circumspect,
 That all the World may see, I'm his Elect.

6 I grieve to grieve Him as I do,
 I sorrow when I trouble Him; I want

I want his perfect Mind to know,
 And more than Heaven his Love esteem:
 My constant Care is least I Him offend,
 Who is my only, and eternal Friend.

- 7 Pain wou'd I willingly endure,
 My Peace, my Ease, contented loose,
 Could I displease the LAMB no more,
 But be a Vessel fit for Use;
 Yea, 'till the Judgment wou'd I be content,
 (If Sin might cease) to be in Banishment.
- 8 Thy Promise, Master, gives me Leave
 To ask Thee, make me free indeed!
 Fulfil my Suit, and let me have
 The Priviledge of all the Seed:
 If Thou wilt grant my Prayer, I'll live to Thee,
 And tell the drooping Saints thy Liberty.

H Y M N XLIV.

True WISDOM.

- 1 **O** Foolish Mankind, did ye know
 What Sweetness CHRIST's Disciples do,
 What deep, what unexhausted Bliss,
 Their pious Souls in GOD possess:
 You all Delights but theirs wou'd glad-despise,
 And count them only happy, only wise.
- 2 True Riches they have found, and prove
 What tis to taste the World above:

True Wisdom leads them glorious on,
 Her Beauty's more than precious Stone;
Her faithful Ways are Ways of Pleasantness,
And all her Golden Paths are Paths of Peace.

- 3 Hear this, fond Man, and timely turn,
 Early Eternal Wisdom learn;
 The Wisdom of the World decays,
 And all who tread her slippery Ways:
 But Children taught of GOD, in Realms Divine,
 Shall in celestial Wisdom ever shine.

- 4 O Thou, all-wise, Almighty LAMB,
 In whom alone I happy am;
 Deeper and deeper let me go,
 'Till I thy deepest Counsels know:
 Yea, my dear SAVIOUR, kindly suffer me
 To search thy Wisdom to Eternity.

H Y M N XLV.

In Danger thro' TEMPTATION.

- 1 **L**ORD, Hell's fierce Hunter me pursues,
 Daily he holds my Soul in Chase;
 Least he my Captive Soul shou'd loose,
 He waits for me in every Place.
 O Jacob's tender SAVIOUR, charge the Foe,
Hurt not my anointed, let my Servant go.
- 2 I'm sure I want to fly from Sin,
 My LORD, I can appeal to Thee,

Have.

Have not I long before Thee been,
 And used this Prayer, LORD, *make me free?*
 Thou know'st I have; I yet the Pray'r put up,
 O disappoint me not of this my Hope!

3 Are any weary? I am more,
 I hardly can go on my Way;
 My sad Estate I oft deplore,
 And wait impatient for the Day,
 When I in close Communion, LORD, with Thee,
 Shall pass my Time, and my Eternity.

4 Ah! my dear JESUS, well Thou know'st
 I want to see Thee always near,
 'Till I on yonder shining Coast,
 With all the Host elect appear:
 Sweet Fellowship with Thee, O let me know,
 Then long as Thou shalt please, I'll stay below.

H Y M N XLVI.

Desiring to walk worthily.

1 O GOD, whose Eyes are Flames of Fire,
 Who all my Folly seest,
 Behold my Want, my just Desire,
 My Longing for thy Rest.

2 I ask not Honour, Pomp, or Praise;
 By worldly Men esteem'd;
 I want from Sin's deceitful Ways
 To feel my Soul redeem'd.

3 I want

- 3 I want (as other *Christians* do)
To walk, and live to Thee;
And by my Conversation shew,
That Thou hast died for me.
- 4 I want so circumspect to live,
So free from every Sin,
That ev'n the worldly may perceive,
That I with Thee have been.
- 5 Blameless in every Work, and Word,
I greatly want to be,
While Scoffers own, *Thou seek'st the LORD,*
Thy Speech betrayeth Thee.
- 6 O grant me with thy precious Blood
Thy Gospel thus t'adorn;
I'll ask no more, *my LORD, my GOD,*
'Till I to Thee return.

H Y M N XLVII.

Approaching GOD in Time of Darkness.

- 1 **W**HENE'ER my SAVIOUR visits me,
And pours his Love within,
I feel I'm as I still wou'd be,
A Conqueror over Sin.
- 2 But if (tho' for a Moment) He
His Countenance withdraws,
Nothing but Folly seems in me,
And Debts, and broken Laws.

3 Cover'd

- 3 Cover'd with useleſs Droſs, and Dung,
My Inner Man I ſee,
And change to Mourning all my Song,
To Sighs my Melody.
- 4 As if no Work of GOD was there,
Barren's my Heart, and dry;
Lifeleſs and languid is my Prayer,
And very cold my Cry.
- 5 Weak am I then as *Sampſon* was,
By *Dalilah* betray'd;
My Looks are off if He withdraws,
And I'm as good as dead.
- 6 Juſt ſo I now his Grace implore,
O Son of David, ſee
A Beggar, waiting at thy Door,
Who wants a Sight of Thee.
- 7 And ſhould'ſt Thou aſk me, who I am,
Aſham'd, dear LORD, I tell,
I once was choſen of the LAMB,
A Brand pluck'd out of Hell.
- 8 Lately I his Salvation prov'd,
He reign'd in me my Prince;
I knew his Love while Him I lov'd,
But I have wander'd ſince.
- 9 Yet let not this Ingratitude
Provoke Thee to be wrath;
Rather than leave me, O my GOD,
I chuſe the ſharpeſt Death.

10 Better,

- 10 Better than Life I count thy Smile,
But worse than Death thy Frown;
Remember, LORD, for I'm thy Spoil,
Thy little Captive own.
- 11 'Twill lessen, LORD, thy Praise, thy Name,
To let me perish now;
Thou canst not, Thou art still the same,
My Friend, my SAVIOUR too.
-

H Y M N XLVIII.

Glorying in the LORD.

- 1 **O**THERS may tell how Grand, how Great,
Their Pedigrees have been,
How fine their Cloaths, how dear their Meat,
And glory in their Sin.
- 2 Others may boast of Bags of Gold,
Of Honour, Friends, and Blood;
Tell of their Wines, how rich, how old,
Their Guests, how true, how good.
- 3 But I of greater Things can sing,
And boast of nobler Blis;
CHRIST is my Portion, CHRIST my King,
And I am ever His.
- 4 O dearest JESUS, still let me
This very Moment know;
I'll seek not other Blis to see
In all the World below.

5 This more than all Things I prefer,
 For O if Thou but shine;
 I ask not any Plenty here,
 Of Oil, or Corn, or Wine.

6 No; better is thy Presence, LORD,
 Than all the World to me:
 Thy Presence to my Soul afford,
 'Till I am full of Thee.

H Y M N XLIX.

*Praise to CHRIST for Assurance of
 His Love.*

1 SING, O my Soul, for thou hast Cause,
 Thine Enemy is slain:
 Thy Sin that late thy Burden was,
 No more may rule again.

2 The Holy Child the Virgin bore,
 Delights in Thee to dwell:
 Sing, O my Soul, for Thou no more
 Shalt be afraid of Hell.

3 Learn daily Thou thy Cross to bear,
 The Day comes swiftly on,
 When all thy Grief shall disappear,
 On thy eternal Throne.

4 The World and Men may threat'ning stand,
 To turn Thee from thy Road;

I

But

But JESUS humbly by the Hand
Shall lead Thee safe to GOD.

- 5 Think, O my Soul, before Thee went
Thy Head, the suff'ring Lamb:
Go follow Him, and be content
To bear his Woe and Shame.

- 6 Shouldst thou be heavy, so was he,
And very sorrowful;
Should'st thou be tempted, quiet be,
He'll keep thee, O my Soul.
-

H Y M N L.

Rejoicing in G O D.

- 1 **W**HILE on the Bosom of the LAMB,
My favour'd Soul may lean;
I'll sing the Merits of his Name
Before the Sons of Men.

- 2 Freedom too great to be express'd,
In Him behold I prove:
I enter now his People's Rest,
And taste Eternal Love.

- 3 Well might the Saint (when truly free)
Amaz'd this Mercy share,
And call it glorious Liberty;
For Oh, 'tis past compare!

- 4 Hear me ye Souls in Bondage, ye
Who never JESUS knew; Whose

Whose Chariot Wheels go heavily,
This Rest belongs to you.

- 5 Who with their Faces thitherward,
Their Way to Heav'n enquire:
JESUS the LAMB, the humble LORD,
Shall answer their Desire.
- 6 Behold Him nail'd on yonder Tree,
He points you out your Road:
He shews Himself, and saith, *by Me*
Men enter into GOD.
- 7 O hear, my Fellow-Sinners, hear,
For I your Head, your Chief,
Have found his Blood, my Conscience clear,
And ease me of my Grief.
- 8 As I believ'd, I plainly view'd
In Him a boundless Room;
For all who thirst to taste his Blood,
And to his Merits come.
- 9 In Him such Joys the New-born know,
As cannot be conceiv'd:
This I affirm, and others too,
Who have in CHRIST believ'd.
- 10 And if He is below so sweet,
What will his Fulness be?
What when we Him in Glory meet?
O Brethren come and see.

HYMN LI.

The PRODIGAL SON.

- 1 **I** LORD, the Prodigal have been,
My Substance I have spent in Sin:
I now my youthful Follies see,
And naked mourn my Misery.
- 2 My Innocence, my spotless Dress
I've lost, and all my Righteousness:
Reduc'd, and made a Stranger here;
Nothing but filthy Rags I wear.
- 3 With Men I oft have sought to join;
Wou'd fain have eaten Husks with Swine:
But O their Joys won't do for me,
'Tis empty all, and Vanity.
- 4 For Heav'nly Bread I pant, I pant,
I know I now begin to want;
None gives my hungry Soul to eat,
None pities my forlorn Estate.
- 5 My Father's Servants happy are,
While I, the Sinful, perish here:
They have enough, and Plenty know,
Nor guess the Sorrow I go thro'.
- 6 I'll rise, and wretched as I am,
I'll cry to Him from whom I came:
Longer my Father shall not be
A Stranger to my Misery.

7 Behold

- 7 Behold a Sinner, LORD, I'll say,
Thy Son that lately went away;
Misery and Sin is all I Plead,
And want of Grace, and want of Bread.
- 8 See me thus far from Thee, and run
To meet thy poor afflicted Son;
And while I tell my wretched Case,
Fall on my Neck, and me embrace.
- 9 Bring the best Robe, thy Righteousness,
And let my Feet be shod with Peace;
Seal with thy Ring my trembling Hand,
And bring me to my native Land.
- 10 Let all thy Children, now above,
Rejoice at thy Redeeming Love;
O tell them, *This my Son's forgiv'n,*
And ransom'd to inherit Heav'n.
- 11 The fatted Calf for him shall bleed,
A Feast shall for my Child be made;
Your Brother shall possess my Peace,
Sing Ye to Grace, to pard'ning Grace.
- 12 Grant this my Father, and my Tongue
Shall join in thy redeemed Throng;
With them my Harp shall ceaseless sound,
I once was lost, but now am found.
- 13 I'll sing the Merits of the Blood
That bought me, and restor'd to GOD:
I sinn'd, I'll say, but CHRIST was slain,
Was dead, but am alive again.

HYMN LII.

LIBERTY.

1 **M**Y JESUS attend,
 And Thee I will praise,
 My only best Friend,
 Give ear to my Lays;
 My Heart's sincere Language
 Is Blessings indeed,
 For I was in Bondage,
 But Thou hast me freed.

2 I walk in the Light,
 I joyfully prove,
 The Length, Breadth, and Height
 Of pardoning Love:
 The Sabbath for ever
 Its Depth shall me shew:
 O, what a dear SAVIOUR,
 A Friend do I know!

3 For Righteousness long
 By *Moses* I strove,
 Nor knew it was wrong,
 Till JESUS in Love,
 Drew me with his People,
 His Grace to receive,
 And said, my *Disciple*,
Behold me, and Live.

4 Hail!

- 4 Hail! hail! blessed LAMB,
 My King art Thou now;
 All I have, or am,
 On Thee I bestow;
 Thy Presence but give me,
 'Tis all I request,
 Till thou dost receive me
 To share in thy Rest.
-

H Y M N LIII.

REPENTANCE.

- 1 **A**ND can I yet be dear to Thee,
 After such vast Impiety?
 And can thine Arms again imbrace
 A Soul, so void of Love and Grace?
 Thou say'st, I can---and yet 'tis scarce receiv'd,
 For O! 'tis Love, too strange to be believ'd.
- 2 Say, blessed SAVIOUR, on what Terms
 Wilt Thou receive me to thy Arms?
Repent, thou say'st, be bow'd with Shame,
And I am gracious; still the same:
 O dearest Master, I repent, I mourn
 For all my Sin, and humbly now return.
- 3 Before thy Footstool see I kneel,
 Sin is the greatest Weight I feel,
 To ease me, O apply thy Blood,
 Nothing beside will do me Good!

If my Repentance still imperfect be,
Thy Penance was compleat, it pleads for me.

H Y M N LIV.

DIVINE LOVE.

- 1 **I**'M lost in Love, and Ecstasy,
Dear SAVIOUR, when I lean on Thee,
I faint beneath Love's Torrid Zone,
Whene'er I hear Thee say, *my Son*.
- 2 Love makes me kindle in a Flame,
If I but hear *Immanuel's* Name;
He's mine! I say, and say no more,
For mighty Joys my Soul o'erpower.
- 3 A tender SAVIOUR, from my Sin,
A *Father*, loving He has been
To worthless me, and fed, and cloath'd
A Soul, he justly might have loath'd.
- 4 If I but read He dy'd for me,
I'm all dissolv'd in Ecstasy;
I think how vile I was, and this
But heightens more and more my Bliss.
- 5 He (whose blest Motions found no Place
In me, but by me grieved was)
Comes down, to bring me this good News,
I wond'ring hear—how can I chuse?

- 6 O LAMB of GOD, thy Love to me,
 Binds me to Love, and Honour Thee;
 I kiss thy Feet, Thy Grace adore,
 And grieve, that I can do no more.
-

H Y M N LV.

The LORD'S SUPPER.

- 1 **W**HEN Thee by Faith, my LORD I view,
 Exceeding sad, and burthen'd too,
 At Supper with thy Follow'rs fit,
 And see Thee wash their dirty Feet;
 Divide the broken Bread to all, and say,
Do this, in Mind of me, I must obey.
- 2 Celestial Supper! here I see,
 By Figure, what was done for me;
 By Him, whose Body Pale and Dead,
 Hang'd on the Cross---this broken Bread
 Makes me remember Him; and this blest Cup
 Shews how he bled, when he was lifted up:
- 3 What can unkind Refusers say,
 When they our SAVIOUR disobey?
 If dying Words them will not move,
 Nor agonizing, bleeding Love,
 What will effectual be, or what constrain,
 Poor Sinners, to remember JESU's Pain?
- 4 Thou said'st (dear LAMB) *Do this; I hear,*
 And with thy Friends I now appear;
 K Nothing

Nothing I bring but Raggs, and Sin,
 But Thou (I know) wilt let me in:
 My wedding Dress shall be Thyself, blest LAMB,
 Receive the Sinner, LORD; Thou know'st my
 [Name.]

H Y M N LVI.

*Rejoicing over the Law, Sin, and
 Death.*

- 1 **S**ING, O my Soul, thy Victory's won,
 JESUS hath died for thee;
 Triumphant may'st thou go on,
 Free now, for ever free.
- 2 *Satan* thy Fear, and Death thy Dread,
 No more may thee affright;
 JESUS hath bruise'd the Serpent's Head,
 And Death disrob'd of Might.
- 3 Its Sting, thy Sin, He takes away,
 The Law is disannull'd;
 Thy Pardon seal'd in endless Day,
 And there thy Name enroll'd.
- 4 The *King of Terrors* now may'st thou
 Deride courageously,
 And ask, where's now thy Sting? Where's now
 Thy promis'd Victory?
- 5 My Conquering Master, JESUS, King,
 My Sins has far remov'd; Him

Him and His Grace alone I'll sing,
For He is my Belov'd.

6 The Law, with all its Strength and Power,
No more o'er me shall reign,
For I am CHRIST's, a Slave no more
To Sin, or Death, or Pain.

7 No more the World, or worldly Things,
May thee (the LORD's) delude;
The LORD of Lords, the King of Kings
Has freed me with his Blood.

8 What have I then to do but praise?
Yea, this shall me employ,
'Till endless Age devour my Days,
And perfect all my Joy.

H Y M N LVII.

In Times of Heaviness.

1 SAVIOUR, tho' Thou strange appear'st,
Tho' Thou dost not seem to see,
Tho' to help me Thou forbear'st,
Yet I'll put my Trust in Thee.

2 SAVIOUR, tho' Thou shou'dst me slay,
Tho' Thou still Thyself dost hide,
At thy Feet I still will lay,
Still will at thy Door abide.

- 3 Be not angry, Holy LAMB,
Turn Thee to thy usual Grace;
JESUS, tho' I sinful am,
Shew me once again thy Face.
- 4 If Thou wilt not hear, I'll die,
Here (as does the widow'd Dove)
Mourning; desolate I'll lie,
'Till to endless Worlds I move.
- 5 Think upon me, *David's Son*,
Think on me, and smiling speak;
LORD, I cannot bear thy Frown;
LORD, my bruised Heart will break,
- 6 O my Burthen! O my Pain
Will be insupportable!
Should'st not Thou return again,
LORD, it wou'd be worse than Hell.
- 7 Yet, O LAMB, shouldst Thou refuse
Ever to return to me,
At thy Feet my Death I'll chuse,
Still I'll put my Trust in Thee.

H Y M N LVIII.

Desired to sing in Heaviness.

WHY am I ask'd to sing, when I
Am into this strange Country driv'n,
Confin'd to dwell in Misery,
And banish'd from my Native Heav'n?

But

But should I e'er return in Peace,
I'll sing (my Friends) and never cease.

2 Should I, constrain'd, a Song begin,
It must some sad Relation be,
How my Creator, for my Sin,
Hath to this Desert order'd me:
Another Theme but ill wou'd suit
With one so dull, so destitute.

3 My Country's Hymns none understand,
But those who learn'd them of the LAMB;
The Natives of this barren Land
At no Celestial Anthemns aim:
My Song (if I should sing) wou'd sound
Confus'd and mean to all around.

4 But soon as I receive my Right,
The Portion JESUS bought for me;
When Heav'n shall bless my ravish'd Sight,
Then you shall hear my Melody.
I'll sing, till fleeting Time is o'er,
And then I'll sing for Evermore.

H Y M N LIX.

CHRIST *the Sinners Sanctuary.*

1 **P**OOOR, and naked as I am,
I approach Thee, bleeding LAMB,
'Tho' I am asham'd to see,
How I have displeased Thee.

2 *Peter*

- 2 Peter said, and I say too,
*JESUS, whither can I go ?
 Whither can the Sinner flee ?
 Thou hast endless Life in Thee.*
- 3 If another SAVIOUR was,
 Other Refuge than thy Cross,
 Surely, I had it persü'd,
 I had trampled on thy Blood.
- 4 But alas ! whene'er I try'd
 Here, or there, my Sin to hide ;
 Guilt encreas'd on me so fast,
 I was forc'd to Thee at last.
- 5 By Experience I can tell,
 Out of Thee is nether Hell ;
 In thy Wounds I only find
 Ease for my distemper'd Mind.
- 6 May I never leave Thee more,
 O Thou Lover of the Poor,
 May I in thy Love abide,
 Hid, and cover'd in thy Side.

H Y M N LX.

In SECRET.

- 1 **H**ERE I can converse with my Love,
 And raise my Thoughts to Things above ;
 From Tumults, and from Noise retire,
 Speak, think, act, live as I desire. 2 Here

- 2 Here I can join my Praise to theirs,
 Who bow, and love beyond the Stars ;
 Here I can do (between us two,
 GOD and my Soul,) what I wou'd do.

H Y M N LXI.

CHRIST'S *Nativity.*

- 1 **A**ND did'st Thou come, blest LAMB, for
 [me,
 To teach me how to come to Thee ?
 Then welcome to my panting Soul,
 Which grieves, because it is so foul :
 The less 'tis fit for Thee, Thou GOD of Pow'r,
 The more it needs Thee, and will love Thee more.
- 2 But how was't Thou did'st please to come,
 To woo, invite, and call me Home ?
 'Twas in a Manger, in a Stall,
 Thou cam'st a sinful Soul to call :
 A brutish Soul, and fitter to be styl'd
 A Beast, a Monster, rather than a Child.
- 3 But seeing, LORD, it pleases Thee,
 To come familiarly to me,
 To veil thy Glories, and descend
 To be a wretched Sinner's Friend ;
 I'll study how myself to Thee t'approve,
 And seek to walk, in Faith, Obedience, Love.

H Y M N

H Y M N LXII.

On a Day of Fasting, or Humiliation.

- 1 **W**HATEVER others think to do, [Thou,
I'll bring my Griefs, dear LORD, and
Shalt see my Heart, shalt see it all,
The dreadful Picture of the Fall.
- 2 While others fast, and sigh to Day,
Shall I behind them careless stay?
No LORD! With them I'll bear a Part,
I'll bring a contrite, broke Heart.
- 3 Come then, my Soul, and in the Dust,
At JESU'S Feet, confess, 'tis just
Should I to endless Death be driv'n,
And thrust for ever out of Heav'n.
- 4 Myself I judge, accuse, condemn,
Worthy of everlasting Shame.
By thy long Fasts, my LORD, acquit
Thy humble Suppliant at thy Feet.

H Y M N LXIII.

The Resurrection of CHRIST.

- 1 **H**AIL, Holy LORD! I joy to see
Thou hast a Conqueror been:

Teach

Teach me to share thy Victory !
And Triumphs over Sin.

2 I thank Thee JESUS, for thy Death,
Thy Blood and Sufferings too :
I thank Thee for the Holy Faith
By which thy Wounds I view !

3 I thank Thee for thy Cross and Pain,
For all Thou hast endur'd,
For rising from the Dead again:
My dear Almighty LORD.

4 No more I now may dread the Tomb,
For 'tis a hallow'd Place ;
'Tis sweet'ned with the best Perfume,
And lin'd with heavenly Peace.

5 Nor will I fear to die, for me
Thy Rising Justifies :
With thy Dead Body gloriously,
I know I shall arise.

H Y M N LXIV.

Following CHRIST, *the* SINNERS
Way to GOD.

1 JESUS, my All, to Heav'n is gone ;
He that I plac'd my Hopes upon ;
His Track I see---and I'll pursue
The narrow Way, 'till Him I view.

L

2 The

- 2 The Way the Holy Prophets went,
The Road that leads from Banishment,
The King's High-Way of Holiness
I'll go; for all the Paths are Peace.
- 3 No Stranger may proceed therein,
No Lover of the World, and Sin;
No *Lion*, no devouring Care,
No ravenous Tyger shall be there.
- 4 No: Nothing may go up thereon
But *traveling Souls*, and I am one:
Wayfaring Men to *Canaan* bound,
Shall only in the Way be found.
- 5 Nor Fools, by carnal Men esteem'd,
Shall err therein; but they redeem'd
In *Jesu's* Blood, shall shew their Right
To travel there, 'till Heav'n's in Sight.
- 6 This is the Way I long have fought,
And mourn'd, because I found it not;
My Grief, my Burden, long have been,
Because I cou'd not cease from Sin.
- 7 The more I strove against its Pow'r,
I finn'd and stumbled but the more;
'Till late I heard my SAVIOUR say,
Come hither, Soul, for I'm the Way.
- 8 Lo! glad I come, and Thou, dear *LAMB*,
Shalt take me to Thee, as I am:
Nothing but Sin I Thee can give,
Yet help me, and thy Praise I'll live.

- 9 I'll tell to all poor Sinners round;
 What a dear SAVIOUR I have found;
 I'll point to thy redeeming Blood,
 And say, *Behold the Way to GOD!*
-

H Y M N LXV.

At WORK.

- 1 **M**Y Study in my Work and Rest
 Shall be on JESU's Love:
 He builds his Temple in my Breast,
 Nor will the Mansion move.
- 2 On Him with great Delight I muse,
 On Him I love to call;
 Him more than Earth or Heav'n I choose,
 More amiable than all.
- 3 I love to think Him kin to me,
 To call *Immanuel* mine;
 To find me in the Family,
 Whose Lineage is divine.
- 4 Love, only Love his Bowels mov'd,
 To look on me for good:
 Freely am I of Him belov'd,
 And sav'd by his own Blood.
- 5 My fleeting Years, and Months, and Days
 I'll therefore gladly spend
 In singing my Redeemer's Praise;
 The poor lost Sinner's Friend.

- 6 My every Word, and Work shall be
To magnify his Name:
In Time, and in Eternity,
I'll blest the bleeding LAMB.

H Y M N LXVI.

General Praise to CHRIST.

- 1 **O**NCE slaughter'd, now exalted LAMB,
We sing to thy eternal Name,
The whole Assembly join:
To yonder's Harpers Harps we tune
Our solemn Songs, and round the Throne
We sing the Man Divine!
- 2 Our poor unmeet Society
Mix with the happy Company
Of *Christians* gone before:
And as they bless *Messiah's* Blood
We imitate their Song, and GOD
The Holy LAMB adore.
- 3 Brethren and Sisters, all agree
To sing *He lov'd and dy'd for me;*
I thank Him for his Grace:
Quickly thy Chariot, LORD, send down
To bear us to the wish'd-for Throne
Where we may see thy Face.
- 4 Or if Thou here would'st have us stay
A longer Space, lo! we obey,
Only let us be sure
That

That Heav'n is ours, die when we will;
 And let thy Spirit be with us still,
 And we'll desire no more.

Note, *These were done by Mr. Joseph Humphreys.*

H Y M N LXVII.

Lying down.

- 1 **B**LEST be the LORD, who still provides
 For me a resting Place;
 Who always satisfies the Needs
 Of those who trust his Grace.
- 2 My SAVIOUR, Thou didst bow thy Head
 Upon the Cursed Tree,
 To purchase a convenient Bed;
 Yea Heav'n itself for me.
- 3 O that my Heart might flow with Love,
 And thankful Gratitude:
 And never more unfaithful prove
 To One so truly good.
- 4 My best of Friends, be pleas'd to stoop
 And watch my Soul to Night:
 Thou art my Safe-guard, and my Hope;
 'Midst Darkness Thou art Light.
- 5 I sleep within my SAVIOUR's Arms,
 And lean upon his Breast:
 Secure from all invading Harms,
 Where nought shall me molest.

6 O Holy

- 6 O Holy Jesus, Virgin's Child,
Cleanse Thou my Inward Part;
And keep me Pure, and undefil'd
In Gesture and in Heart.
- 7 Let no unhallow'd Thought, or Act
Pollute my Flesh, or Soul:
Perfectly Chaste may I be kept
Like Thee throughout the Whole.
- 8 My Mid-night Dreams be sanctify'd,
No Vanity prevail:
May Jesus, and Him crucify'd
To me be All in All.
- 9 Thanks to my SAVIOUR, for his Love,
And Kindness all the Day:
No better LORD, in Heaven above,
Or Earth can I obey.
- 10 Day after Day; Night after Night
Still will I Cleave, to Thee
Unwearied in Thee Delight,
To all Eternity.
- 11 But now in this benighted State,
I travel t'wards my Home;
All my appointed Days I'll wait
'Till my last Change shall come.
- 12 And then with Angels Wings I'll fly
To Father Abr'ham's Breast;
And in my Jesu's Bosom Lye,
The Saints most glorious Rest.

H Y M N LXVIII.

The Invitation.

- 1 **C**OME guilty Souls, and flee away
Like Doves to JESU's Wounds:
This is the welcome Gospel Day
Wherein Free Grace abounds.
- 2 GOD lov'd the World, and gave his SON
To drink the Cup of Wrath;
And JESUS says, He'll cast out none
That come to Him by FAITH.

H Y M N LXIX.

*Saints on Earth joining with Saints
above in Praise. Rev. v.*

- 1 **T**O Judah's Lion, let us sing
The Root of David Praise:
Come let us to our glorious King
All Hallelujah's raise.
- 2 With Heav'nly Hosts, and Elders join
To bow before the LAMB;
Each with our Golden Harps combine,
And shout aloud the same.
- 3 Worthy Thou art to take the Book,
And open ev'ry Seal;
Worthy alone, therein to look
GOD's Mysteries to reveal.
- 4 For

- 4 For Thou wast slain, and hast to GOD
Redeem'd and purchas'd us;
By shedding of Thine own Heart's Blood,
And Dying on the Cross.
- 5 From ev'ry Nation, Kindred, Tongue,
And People, we are bought:
Thou, the Redeemer, hast alone
To us Salvation brought.
- 6 We are thy ransom'd of the Earth,
Made Kings and Priests to GOD,
Partakers of the second Birth,
And wash'd in Jesu's Blood.
- 7 Ev'n on the Earth we now shall reign,
And triumph over all:
Our happy Paradise regain,
Restored from the Fall.
- 8 The Voice of Angels circling round
The Elders, Beasts and Throne,
Unite their loud exalted Sound
To GOD's eternal SON.
- 9 Millions of Millions never faint,
Thousands of Thousands sing
In Harmony of sweet Consent
Th' extended Mansions ring.
- 10 The LAMB is worthy to receive
Strength, Wisdom, Riches, Might;
Blessings and Honour do we give
To Him, for 'tis his Right.

- 11 The universal World, in one
Eternal Voice adore
The GOD that sits upon the Throne,
And CHRIST forevermore.

H Y M N LXX.

*Of INTERCESSION and THANKSGIVING for the
Progress of the GOSPEL in various Parts of the
World.*

- 1 CHRIST, Thy Church's Light and Rock,
View and help thy little Flock:
Make her glorious all within,
From each Spot and Wrinkle clean:
Let each Member fully share,
Thy peculiar Love and Care:
Give each Heart thy Blood-bought Peace;
Give each Face a Cheerfulness.
- 2 See Thy little Flock, thro' Grace,
Gladly would to ev'ry Place
Bring the Tidings of thy Blood;
Help them all, Thou SON of GOD.
LORD, the plenteous Harvest view;
See the Labourers are few:
Raise up more, who're strong in FAITH,
Loving not their Lives to Death.
- 3 See, they wander up and down,
To the poor blind World unknown;
Glad they in Thy Work engage,
Joyful in their Pilgrimage.

In the Hollow of Thy Hand,
 Travelling by Sea or Land,
 Keep them all ; and where they come,
 Let the Word of Grace find room.

4 Thanks, with many thousand Tears,

That Thy Church's Labourers
 Ev'ry where such Blessings meet ;
 For this Grace we kiss Thy Feet.

Many in these latter Days
 Have experienc'd JESU's Grace :
 Souls in *Europe*, not a few,
 Find the Gospel-tidings true.

5 *Britains* Isle has catch'd the Flame ;

Many know and love the LAMB :

Both in *England* and in *Wales*,

And in *Scotland*, Grace prevails :

London, *Wilt*s, and *Glou'ster* *shire*,

Feel our SAVIOUR very dear :

Bristol Sinners seek the LORD,

And in *King'swood* he's ador'd.

6 And a few Sheep, here and there,

Are belov'd in *Oxfordshire* :

At *Newcastle*, and near *York*,

We are told GOD is at Work :

And on many Sinners Hearts,

Who're unknown, in various Parts ;

By whatever Means he will,

We are bound to thank him still.

7 And our Shepherd's Arm infolds

Edinburgh and *Glasgow* Souls :

Mutuel

Mutzel, Kilguth, Cambuslang,
Late of JESU's Love have sang.

Carry on Thy Work with Pow'r,
Ev'ry Day and ev'ry Hour:
Still let thousands in the North
Know the great Redeemer's Worth.

8. Many *Germans* walk with GOD,
Thro' the Virtue of CHRIST's Blood;
Self deny, the Cross take up:
They, no doubt, with CHRIST shall sup.
What they know not, teach them, LORD;
Surely they do love Thy Word:
To the World by them make known
What for Sinners thou hast done.

9. Likewise in *America*
Shines the glorious Gospel-day:
Fair it rises to our Sight;
JESU, make it Thy Delight.
Pensylvania has been blest
With an Evangelick Feast:
On *South-Carolina* too
CHRIST distills His heav'nly Dew.

10. LORD, be praised for Thy Work
In the *Jersey's* and *New York*;
And in ev'ry other Place
Where appears the SAVIOUR's Grace.
O defend the *Orphan-house*;
Lo, it stands amidst its Foes:
Hear our Cries, the Children bless,
Father of the fatherless.

- 11 Thousand *Negroes* praise Thy Name;
 And *New England's* in a Flame;
 Triumphs in Thy Mercy's Power:
 JESU, call ten thousand more!
 And we hear the *Hottentot*
 By our LORD is not forgot:
 And that *Greenland's* frozen Soil
 Now's become His Cross's Spoil.
- 12 LORD, we're hearing frequently
 How Thy Kingdom makes its Way:
 When the Tidings reach our Ears,
 We could almost melt in Tears.
 Still let more receive Thy Name,
 O Thou crucified LAMB:
 Out of ev'ry Land and Place,
 Bring forth some redeem'd by Grace.
-

H Y M N LXXI.

Taken out of the Revelations, c. vii.

- 1 COME let us view the Hosts above,
 Redeem'd from Earth by JESU's Love;
 Their Company and sweet Employ,
 Transported with Eternal Joy.
- 2 Of ev'ry Tribe twelve thousand seal'd,
 With holy Raptures always fill'd:
 The Seed of *Abrab'm*, *Israel's* Race,
 The Chosen Tribes of GOD's Free Grace.
- 3 These first appear with Songs divine,
 And in celestial Musick join,

To

To praise their Father's GOD, who them
Brought home to *New Jerusalem*,

- 4 Next these, behold! a Multitude
Of various Souls redeem'd with Blood:
A Host, whose Number none could tell,
Infinite, Vast, Unspeakable:

- 5 Of ev'ry Nation, Kindred, Tongue,
And People, many join the Song;
And in the Presence of the LAMB,
They glorify their SAVIOUR's Name.

- 6 Cloath'd with white Robes, each in his Hand
Holding a Palm, does ever stand:
And all together cry aloud,
Salvation to our Sov'reign GOD.

- 7 *We join in one united Song*
To Him that sits upon the Throne;
And to the LAMB employ our Voice,
Whose Blood has bought these endless Joys.

- 8 Next these, the Angels round the Throne
With holy Reverence fall down;
To worship GOD; and Him adore
Who lives and reigns for evermore.

- 9 *Amen, they say; and cry aloud,*
Blessing and Glory to our GOD,
Honour and Wisdom, Might and Power,
And Thanks we give for evermore.

- 10 But who are those array'd in White,
Standing in GOD's most holy Sight?

Whence

Whence came these Souls, who richly shine
All cloath'd in Righteousness divine?

11 These all came out of deep Distress,
Famine, and Sword, and Nakedness;
Perils, and Tribulations sore,
Brought safe thro' fierce Temptation's Hour.

12 They've wash'd their Robes, and made them
In the LAMB'S Blood, for Sinners slain: [clean
Therefore they stand array'd in White,
Still serving GOD both Day and Night.

13 And GOD Himself who sits on high
Upon his Throne of Majesty,
To them shall ever shew his Face,
And manifest his wond'rous Grace.

14 The Heat no more shall them o'erpow'r,
The Sun shall light on them no more:
The LAMB which shines amidst the Throne,
Shall be their everlasting Sun.

15 They'll hunger, and they'll thirst no more;
The LAMB will feed them evermore;
And lead them to the Streams above,
The living Fountains of his Love.

16 GOD's own dear Hand shall kindly dry
All Tears from ev'ry weeping Eye:
Shall make the Saints for ever rest
In JESUS their Redeemer's Breast.

HYMN

HYMN LXXII.

The PRIVILEGES of

GOD'S CHILDREN.

- 1 **B**LESSED are the Sons of GOD;
They are bought with CHRIST's own Blood:
They are ransom'd from the Grave;
Life eternal they shall have.
- 2 GOD did love them in his Son,
Long before the World begun:
They the Seal of this receive,
When on JESUS they believe.
- 3 They are justified by Grace,
They enjoy a solid Peace;
All their Sins are wash'd away:
They shall stand in GOD's great Day.
- 4 They produce the Fruits of Grace,
In the Works of Righteousness;
They are harmless, meek, and mild,
Holy, humble, undefil'd.
- 5 They are Lights upon the Earth,
Children of a heav'nly Birth;
Born of GOD, they hate all Sin:
GOD's pure Seed remains within.
- 6 They have Fellowship with GOD,
Thro' the Mediator's Blood:
One with GOD, with JESUS one,
Glory is in them begun.

7 Tho'

7 Tho' they suffer much on Earth,
Strangers quite to this World's Mirth;
Yet they have an Inward Joy,
Pleasure which can never cloy.

8 They alone are truly blest,
Heirs of God, Joint-heirs with CHRIST:
With them number'd may I be,
Here, and in Eternity.

FINIS.

